

, To Ills yeiy  
friend^ ' Master

RICHARD MARTIN



0 WHOM, shall lathis Dancing Poem  
send; This sudden, rash, half-capreol of  
my wit? To you ! first mover , and sole  
cause of it ! Mine own-self's better half /

my dearest friend I

0 would you, yet, my Muse, some honey lend  
From your mellifluous tongue (whereon doth  
sit

Suada in majesty) ! that I may fit

These harsh beginnings, with a Sweeter end /

You "know the modest sun, full fifteen times,  
Blushing did rise, and blushing did descend,  
While I, in making of these ill made rhymes, My  
golden hours, unthriftilly did spend ;

Yet if, in friendship, you, these Numbers  
praise ;

I will mi spend another fifteen days I